THE YOUNG
INDIANA JONES
CHRONICLES
#8
DAN BARRY, GORDON PURCELL, & IAN AKIN

THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES™

GERMAN EAST AFRICA
JANUARY 1917

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Adapted from the teleplay by
Frank Darabont

Story by George Lucas

This is a work of fiction. While young Indiana Jones is portrayed as taking part in historical events and meeting real figures from history, many of the characters in the book as well as the situations and scenes described are inventions of the author's imagination. In addition, where real historical figures and events are described, the author has, in some cases, altered the chronology and historical facts for dramatic effect.

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SORRY, DOCTOR. THE NEAREST AB-NEGATIVE SUPPLY IS SIX HOURS AWAY.
WE DON'T *HAVE* SIX HOURS.
LISTEN UP, EVERYBODY, PLEASE! I GOT A LITTLE GIRL DYING IN THERE. WE'RE GONNA *LOSE* HER UNLESS SHE GETS SOME WHOLE BLOOD ...*FAST!*
SHE'S A RARE TYPE, AB-NEGATIVE. ANYBODY HERE GOT THE SAME BLOOD TYPE?
TYPE AB-NEGATIVE...? ANYBODY? C'MON, SPEAK UP!
SORRY, JUST TYPE O. A [illegible]...
REGISTRATION
YOU? AB-NEGATIVE?
MMM...HMM...
I *HATE* NEEDLES. I PASSED OUT THE LAST...
GET HIM INTO BLOOD-SCREENING, STAT!
WILL SHE MAKE IT, DOC?
IF WE CAN HELP IT. —YOU STILL HERE? MR. JONES, ISN'T IT?
HERE—YOU DROPPED MY FORM IN THE COMMOTION.
OHH? OKAY, LET'S START AGAIN. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?
SEEMS TRIVIAL NOW. I GOT STUNG ON THE TOE BY A BEE. FOOT'S SWOLLEN.

COOCH. YOU LOOK TIRED. HOW LONG SINCE YOU'VE SLEPT?
OH— TWO, MAYBE THREE WEEKS. I'VE GOT A ONE-HOUR BREAK COMING UP.
IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
GUNSHOT VICTIMS? ONE OF THOSE GANG KIDS WAS IN A FEW WEEKS AGO. WE PATCH 'EM UP, THEY GO OUT, BLOW EACH OTHER AWAY AGAIN.
WHY?
DRUGS. TURF. THE COLOR OF THEIR SNEAKERS. THE BYSTANDERS, LIKE THAT LITTLE GIRL, THEY BREAK YOUR HEART. A DOZEN A MONTH... IT'S RELENTLESS.
SURE, I'M TIRED. I FEEL LIKE THE DUTCH BOY TRYING TO PLUG A DAM WITH ONE FINGER— WHILE A FLOOD WASHES OVER ME.
YES, I MET SUCH A "DUTCH BOY" ONCE. A GERMAN, ACTUALLY...
...IT WAS BACK IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR. AFRICA. I WAS WITH THE BELGIAN ARMY...
...ON A DESPERATE MISSION. WE'D CROSSED THE CONTINENT, MARKING OUR TRAIL WITH CORPSES. OFFICERS AND ASKARI SOLDIERS ALIKE.
CUT DOWN, NOT BY GERMAN BULLETS, BUT THE FAR MORE DEADLY RAVAGES OF DISEASE!

A HUNDRED CORPSES SEEDING THE SOIL OF AFRICA. THEN—AT LAST—FORT GENTIL! REFUGE!
BUT—NO! THE BLACK DEATH HAD OUTRACED US!
HALF THIS GARRISON IS DOWN WITH MALARIA, CAPTAIN!
YOU SAW THE COTS LINING THE ROAD! THE WEAPONS YOU CAME FOR WILL BE LOADED ONTO YOUR BOAT.
I CAN SPARE NO MEN FOR YOUR RETURN JOURNEY. CLEAR?
THOSE GUNS ARE NEEDED... DESPERATELY... IN EAST AFRICA. ALL I'VE GOT IS A DOZEN SURVIVORS...
I'M SORRY. THE MATTER IS CLOSED.
THE FRENCH! WE'LL MAKE DO WITHOUT THEM! OUR TROOPS NEED THOSE GUNS!
MON DIEU! YOU'RE MAD! A DOZEN WALKING CORPSES?! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! NO! I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!
REMY, FRIENDS OR NO, I MUST REMIND YOU I'M YOUR SUPERIOR. REFUSE ME—AND YOU'RE A DESERTER!
WHY, YOU LITTLE TICK TURD. I'VE GONE THROUGH HELL AND MUTINY WITH YOU—NOW YOU PULL RANK ON ME?
WEEELL, NO... BUT I AM GOING. WITH YOU OR WITHOUT YOU.
OHHH... WITH ME, THEN...
GOOD! GET DOWN TO THE DOCKS AND SEE TO THE LOADING! THAT'S AN ORDER, LIEUTENANT!

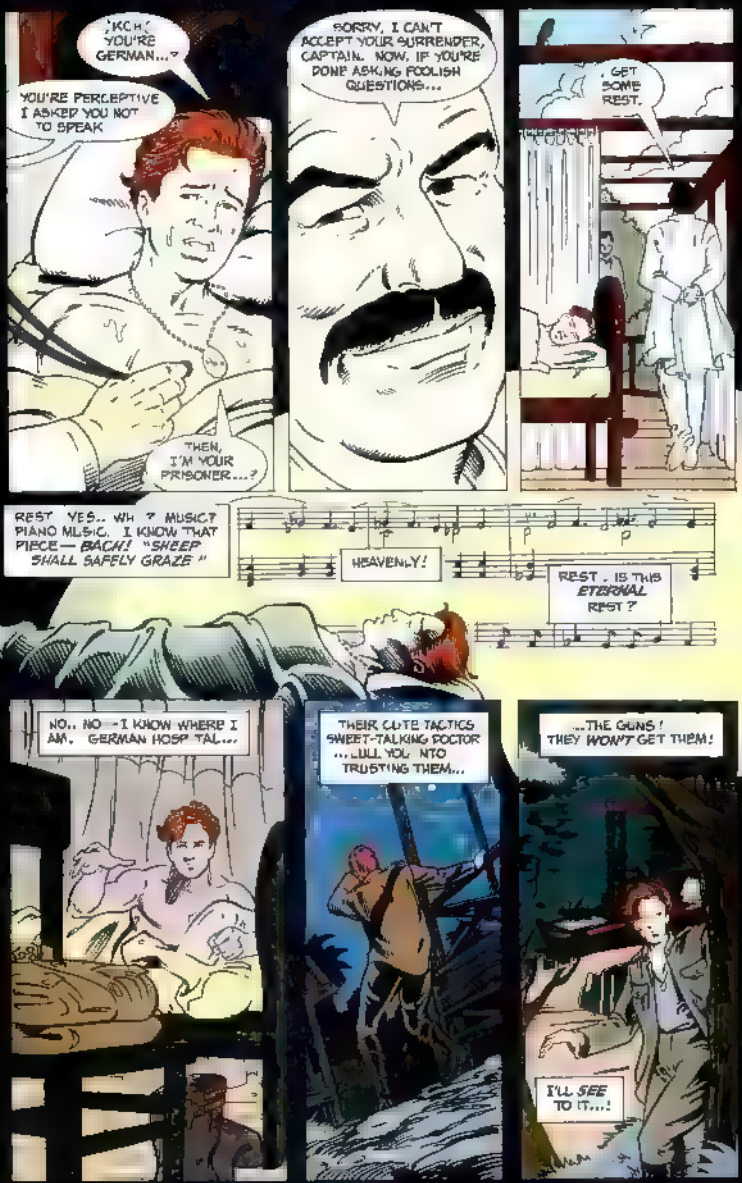
YES, SIR, CAPTAIN!
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?
JUST A BELGIAN SALUTE!
LISTEN, BOYO! YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO RIG MY BOAT WITH FIREWORKS, YER CRAZY AS A RAT IN A TIN CAN!
TEND TO YOUR DUTIES, MR. SLOAT. I'LL TEND TO MINE.
IT WAS MAJOR BOLCHER'S DYING COMMAND.
...CHARGES. WIRE THE BOAT...GUNS MUST NOT FALL INTO GERMAN... HANDS!
WE WERE HEADING BACK UPRIVER, RETRACING OUR DEATH TRAIL...
...ON A FLOATING BOMB!

A PATHETIC BRAVADO. WHO WOULD BE LEFT TO SET IT OFF?
F-FURNACE NEEDS STOKING, BOYO. GOSSEE TO IT, EH?
JUBA, COME HELP ME... FURNACE NEEDS STOKING...
JUBA—?
HE'S DEAD—AS I'LL BE SOON IF THIS SPREADS. BLASTED JIGGERS! I CAN FEEL 'EM MOVING UNDER THE SKIN!
SLOAT SOON FELL HELPLESS. I WAS AT THE HELM, STEERING US— WHERE— THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL?
SALAUDS! SWINE! YOU'RE OUT THERE. I KNOW IT!
I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF YOU!
WHAT? WHERE... WHAT?
BRAKATAKATAKATAK
SKRRR

BRAKATAKATAKA
...ALL AROUND US... IN THE TREES... EVERYWHERE!
AD!EU, REMY... BON AMI... AD!...?!!
skrree EEEE
HEAR THEM? ;SOB; ALL AROUND US...
I ONLY HEAR MONKEYS...
THEY'RE LAUGHING! MONKEYS... LAUGHING AT US, INDY. THEY'RE LAUGHING AT US...;SOB;...
THUMP thump
THUMP
?...HUHN...?
NIEMAND BEWEGT SICH, ICH GLAUBE SIE SIND ALLE TOT!
OMIGOD! GERMANS!
WHA-AAAA...?!

YOU WON'T GET THOSE GUNS...
MMMPHH!
KRRRUNK
BOCHE LACKEY! DAMN YOU...!

BRINGT DIE LEBENDEN DEN HUGEL HINAUF.
VERBRENNT DIE TOTEN!
NO-O-O!
NO!
...LET GO...
...OOOHHHH...
?!...WKH ...CKH...
...NO VOICE...
DON'T TRY TO TALK. HERE ...SLOWLY... SLOWLY.
NOW...TAKE THIS PILL.
OH, NO... KCH...
IF I WANTED YOU DEAD, I'D HAVE LEFT YOU ON THE BOAT. GO ON, TAKE IT.

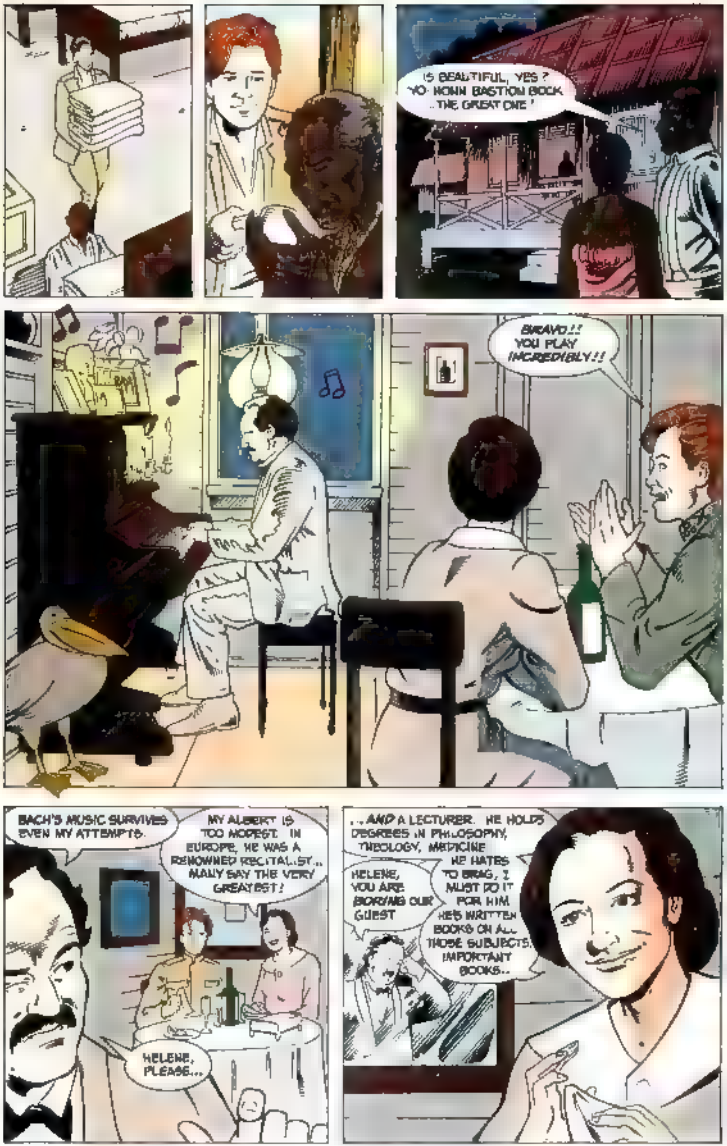

ACH! YOU'RE GERMAN...?
YOU'RE PERCEPTIVE I ASKED YOU NOT TO SPEAK
THEN, I'M YOUR PRISONER...?
SORRY, I CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR SURRENDER, CAPTAIN. NOW, IF YOU'RE DONE ASKING FOOLISH QUESTIONS...
GET SOME REST.
REST YES.. WH ? MUSIC? PIANO MUSIC. I KNOW THAT PIECE — BACH! "SHEEP SHALL SAFELY GRAZE"
HEAVENLY!
REST . IS THIS ETERNAL REST ?
NO.. NO — I KNOW WHERE I AM. GERMAN HOSP TAL...
THEIR CUTE TACTICS SWEET-TALKING DOCTOR ...LULL YOU NTO TRUSTING THEM...
...THE GUNS! THEY WON'T GET THEM!
I'LL SEE TO IT...!

I'LL S-S-SEE TO IT...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
BACK OFF, FRITZ! I'M TAKING THIS BOAT ...DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!
THE NAME IS ALBERT— AND YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! I FORBID IT.
I WARN YOU — I WILL SHOOT YOU!
JUST SHOOT YOURSELF! YOU MIGHT AS WELL. COME BACK TO THE WARD. YOU NEED TO RECUPERATE.
I HAVE MY ORDERS! I'LL RECUPERATE RIGHT HERE!
ON THE BOAT? MEIN GOTT. WAS FÜR IDIOT! SO EIN HOLZKOPF!
IF GERMAN TROOPS ARRIVE, I'LL BLOW THIS BOAT SKY HIGH!
WHAT A PITY! YOU'D WAKE MY WIFE!
AND KINDLY BLOW YOURSELF AWAY FROM MY DOCK! I NEED IT FOR SUPPLIES!
BOCHE... DON'T TRUST 'EM ...DOCTOR OR NO
GUTEN ABEND. I'M MRS. SCHWEITZER. YOU CAN CALL ME HELENE. ALBERT TOLD ME YOU WERE HERE.
I BROUGHT YOU SOME TEA.

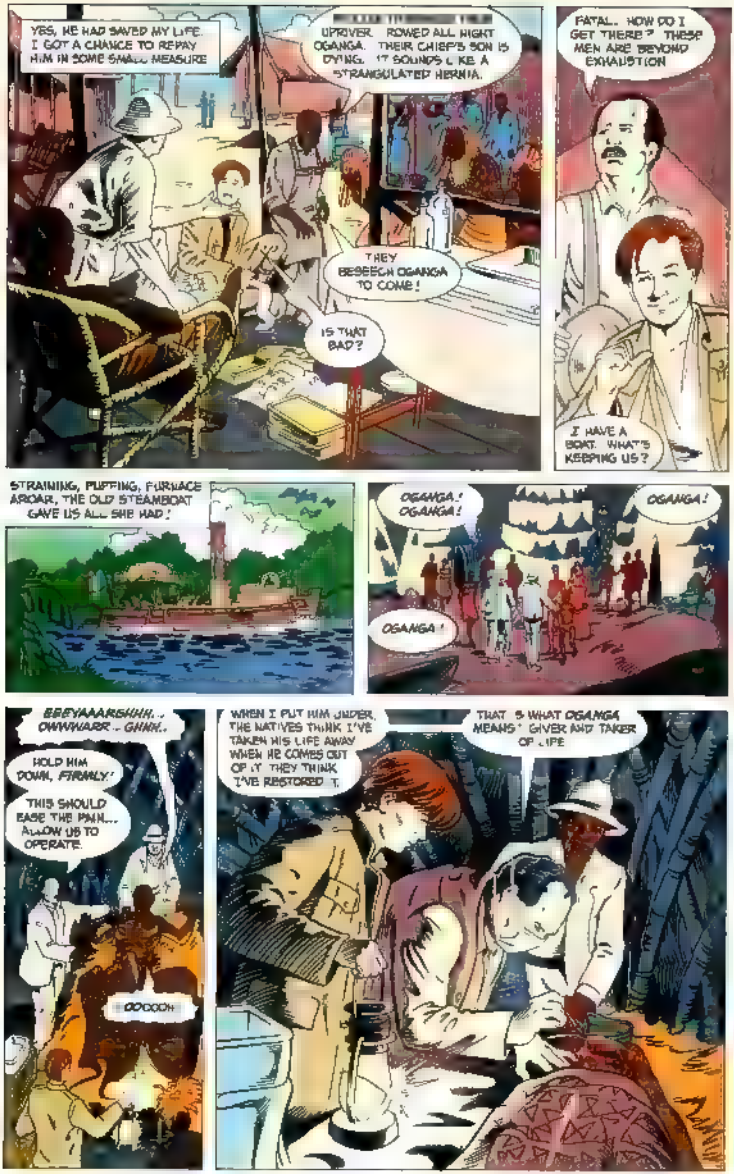
NOW BE SURE YOU DRINK THIS.
YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY SO ABOUT YOUR SILLY GUNS. AS YOU SEE, FOR FIVE DAYS NOBODY
FIVE DAYS?!! I'VE BEEN HERE FIVE DAYS?!
...A, FIVE DAYS OF FEVER. WE ARE SO GLAD YOU ARE FEELING BETTER.
PIANO MUSIC. BACH AGAIN. JOHANN SEBASTIAN. THE PARTITA IN A MINOR. HEAVENLY. I WASN'T DREAMING.
GOOD MORNING, BRAVE YOUNG CAPTAIN. I DO APOLOGIZE FOR PUNCHING YOU SO PROFOUNDLY, BUT YOU GAVE ME NO CHANCE FOR FRIENDLY WORDS.
I AM JOSEPH...
...AND YOU ARE TO TAKE THIS, DOCTOR'S ORDERS.
Y-YES, THANK YOU.
MY GOD. WH-WHERE ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE COMING FROM?
NEAR AND FAR, FROM ALL AROUND, SOME TRAVEL MANY DAYS TO SEE OSANCA THE DOCTOR. COME SEE..

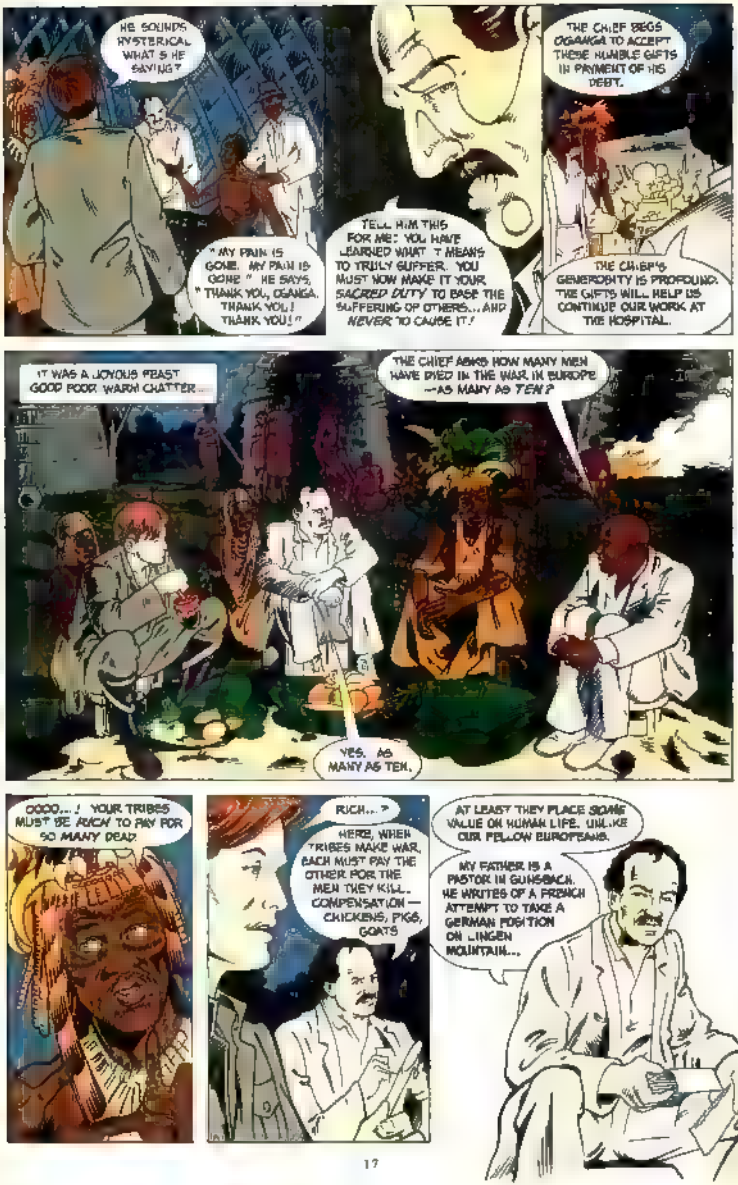
Z.MU! HOW ARE YOU?
BETTAH, CAPN.
AHH, CAPTAIN DYNAMITE...
YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE. HOW FORTUNATE!
MY MEN...?
FIVE SURVIVORS, INCLUDING YOU.
THE OTHER OFFICER?
THE CONSTITUTION OF AN OX. JIGGERS HAD LAID THEIR EGGS IN THE SOLES OF HIS FEET. I GOT THEM OUT, STOPPED THE INFECTION. HE LOST TWO TOES.
COME. HE'S BEEN ASKING FOR YOU.
MR. SLOAT GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
I AIN'T MEANT FOR CROC FOOD, BOYO. TOO MEAN FOR THOSE LOVELIES.
FIGURED I'D FIND YOU SLACKING OFF IN BED.
DOCTOR TELLS ME I'VE LOST TWO TOES...
EXCUSE ME... MY PATIENTS.
..THAT STILL LEAVES ME EIGHT TO KICK YOUR BUTT WITH!
DOC SAYS YOU'LL BE UP AND ABOUT IN NO TIME.
JUST DON'T ASK ME TO DANCE.
HA, I'M NOT CRAZY! THINK HOW MANY TOES I'D LOSE!
HE'S A GOOD FELLOW, THAT SCHWEITZER. WE OWE OUR LIVES TO HIM, I THINK.

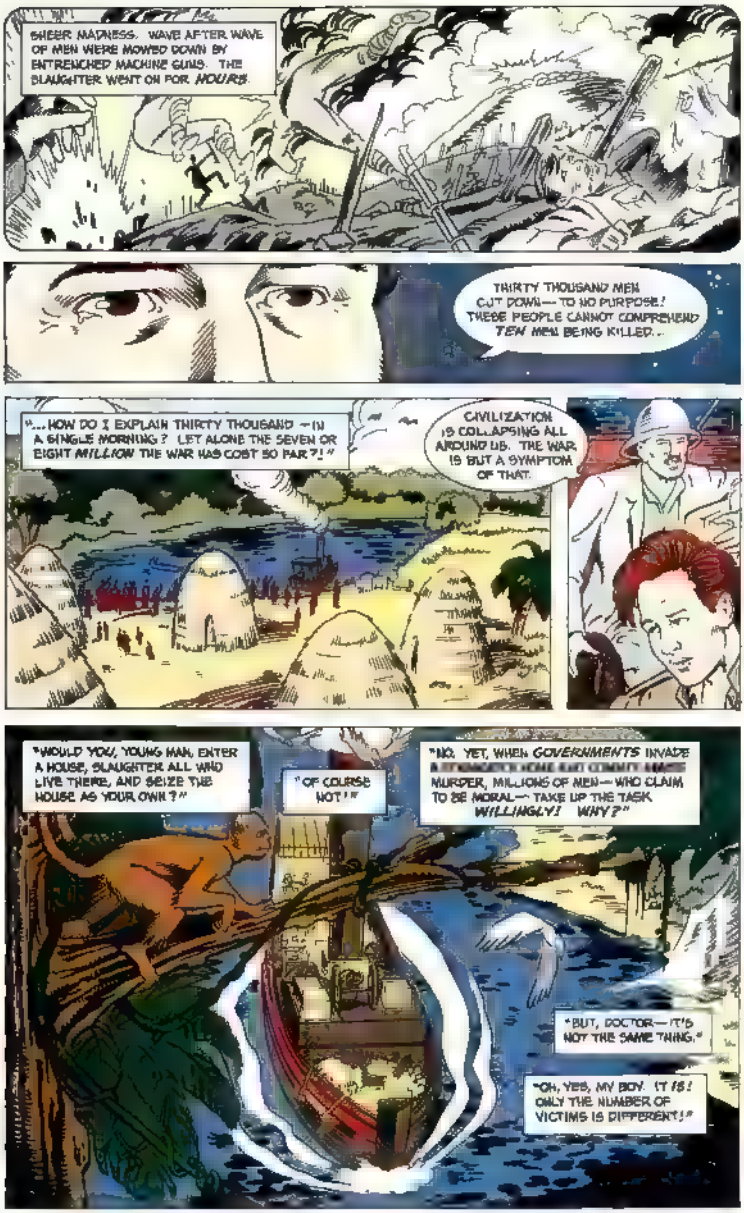
CAPW INDY... SAT.
THANK YOU, ZIMU.
OGANGA... HELP CHILD!
OGANGA? NO. I AM NO DOCTOR!
IN THIS MIDST OF WAR, THIS OUTPOURING OF SELFLESS HUMANITARIANISM! HOW—? WHY—?

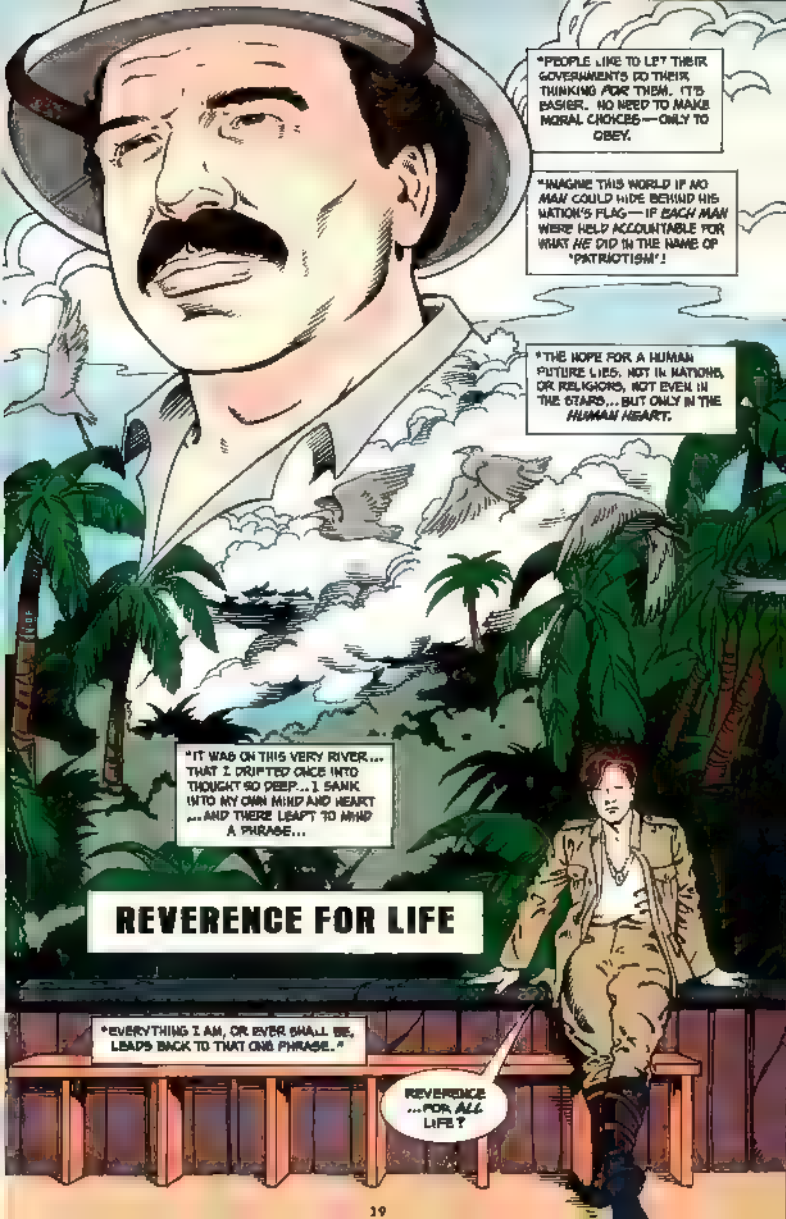

IS BEAUTIFUL, YES ?
YO HOWN BASTION BOCK
..THE GREAT ONE !
BRAVO!! YOU PLAY INCREDIBLY!!
BACH'S MUSIC SURVIVES EVEN MY ATTEMPTS.
MY ALBERT IS TOO MODEST. IN EUROPE, HE WAS A RENOWNED RECITAL...IST.. MANY SAY THE VERY GREATEST !
HELENE, PLEASE...
...AND A LECTURER. HE HOLDS DEGREES IN PHILOSOPHY, THEOLOGY, MEDICINE
HELENE, YOU ARE BORING OUR GUEST
HE HATES TO BRAG, I MUST DO IT FOR HIM. HES WRITTEN BOOKS ON ALL THOSE SUBJECTS. IMPORTANT BOOKS...

HMM . TWO BOOKS ON BACH, HIS MUSIC AND HIS LIFE, INTERPRETATIONS OF THE GOSPEL. ALL SCHOLARLY WORKS... ALL BY ALBERT SCHWEITZER!
SIR I - I'M PUZZLED. WHAT IS A MAN OF YOUR EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENTS DOING HERE — IN THE BACKSIDE OF CREATION?
RUNNING A HOSPITAL
YES I SEE THAT. B-BUT.. WHY?!
BECAUSE IT IS NEEDED
—BUT HERE?! A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS...
..MUST APPLY THEM IN THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY. GOD GIVES US TALENTS FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE!
SIR — IT SEEMS SO.. FUTILE THIS WHOLE CONTINENT IS FESTERING WITH DISEASE.
IT'S LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK A TIDAL WAVE!
NO, IT'S MORE LIKE GATHERING PEBBLES ON THE BEACH. YOU CAN NEVER GATHER THEM ALL.. BUT EACH PEBBLE HAS ITS OWN VALUE AND WORTH..
I SAVED YOU, RIGHT WAHR?
NOTHING IN MY LIFE — BEFORE OR SINCE — HAS EVER BEEN AS HUMBLING...OR UPLIFTING, AS STANDING IN THE PRESENCE OF THAT MAN.


YES, HE HAD SAVED MY LIFE. I GOT A CHANCE TO REPAY HIM IN SOME SMALL MEASURE
UPRIVER. ROWED ALL NIGHT OGANGA. THEIR CHIEF'S SON IS DYING. IT SOUNDS LIKE A STRANGULATED HERNIA.
THEY BESEECH OGANGA TO COME!
IS THAT BAD?
FATAL.. HOW DO I GET THERE? THESE MEN ARE BEYOND EXHAUSTION
I HAVE A BOAT. WHAT'S KEEPING US?
STRAINING, PUFFING, FURNACE ABOAR, THE OLD STEAMBOAT GAVE US ALL SHE HAD!
OGANGA! OGANGA!
OGANGA!
OGANGA!
EEEYAAARGHHH.. OWWWARR.. GHHH..
HOLD HIM DOWN, FIRMLY!
THIS SHOULD EASE THE PAIN... ALLOW US TO OPERATE.
OOOOOH
WHEN I PUT HIM UNDER, THE NATIVES THINK I'VE TAKEN HIS LIFE AWAY WHEN HE COMES OUT OF IT, THEY THINK I'VE RESTORED IT.
THAT'S WHAT OGANGA MEANS: GIVER AND TAKER OF LIFE


HE SOUNDS HYSTERICAL. WHAT'S HE SAYING?
"MY PAIN IS GONE. MY PAIN IS GONE." HE SAYS. "THANK YOU, OGANGA. THANK YOU. THANK YOU!"
TELL HIM THIS FOR ME: YOU HAVE LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO TRULY SUFFER. YOU MUST NOW MAKE IT YOUR SACRED DUTY TO BASE THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS... AND NEVER TO CAUSE IT.
THE CHIEF BEGS OGANGA TO ACCEPT THESE HUMBLE GIFTS IN PAYMENT OF HIS DEBT.
THE CHIEF'S GENEROSITY IS PROFOUND. THE GIFTS WILL HELP US CONTINUE OUR WORK AT THE HOSPITAL.
IT WAS A JOYOUS FEAST GOOD FOOD WARM CHATTER...
THE CHIEF ASKS HOW MANY MEN HAVE DIED IN THE WAR IN EUROPE —AS MANY AS TEN?
YES. AS MANY AS TEN.
OOOO...! YOUR TRIBES MUST BE RICH TO PAY FOR SO MANY DEAD
RICH...?
HERE, WHEN TRIBES MAKE WAR, EACH MUST PAY THE OTHER FOR THE MEN THEY KILL. COMPENSATION— CHICKENS, PIGS, GOATS
AT LEAST THEY PLACE SOME VALUE ON HUMAN LIFE. UNLIKE OUR FELLOW EUROPEANS.
MY FATHER IS A PASTOR IN GUNSBACH. HE WRITES OF A FRENCH ATTEMPT TO TAKE A GERMAN POSITION ON LINGEN MOUNTAIN...

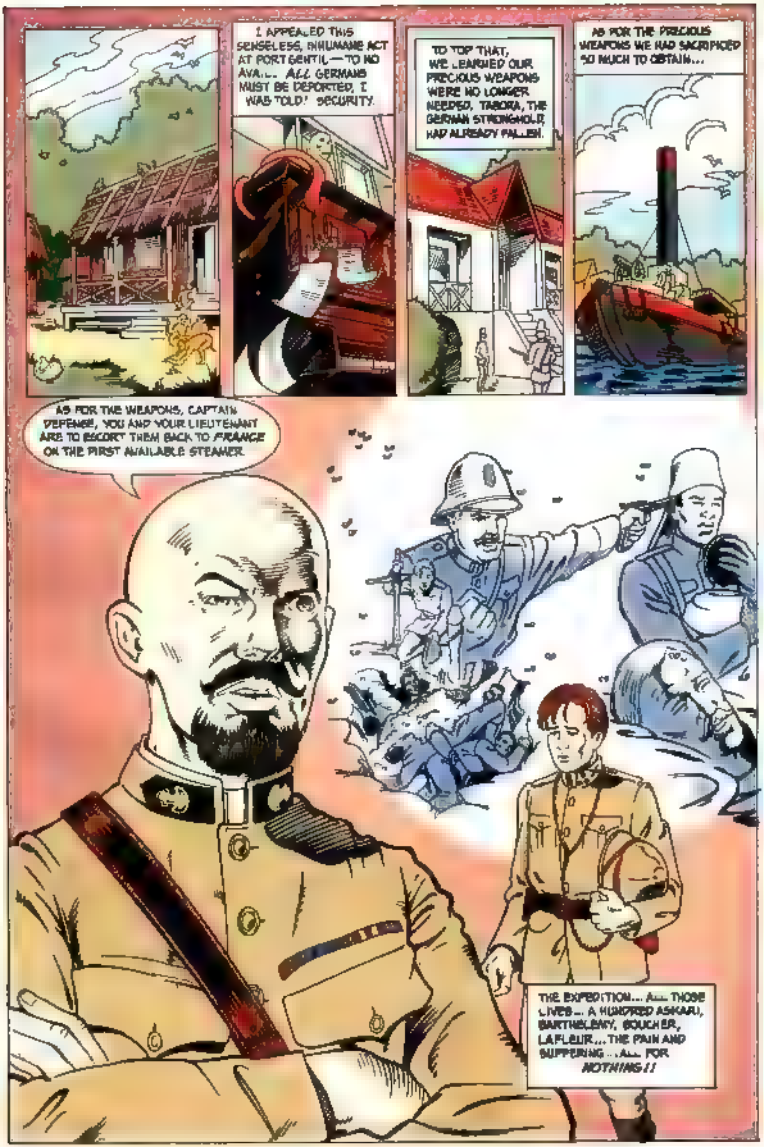

SHEER MADNESS. WAVE AFTER WAVE OF MEN WERE MOWED DOWN BY ENTRENCHED MACHINE GUNS. THE SLAUGHTER WENT ON FOR HOURS
THIRTY THOUSAND MEN CUT DOWN— TO NO PURPOSE! THESE PEOPLE CANNOT COMPREHEND TEN MEN BEING KILLED...
"...HOW DO I EXPLAIN THIRTY THOUSAND — IN A SINGLE MORNING? LET ALONE THE SEVEN OR EIGHT MILLION THE WAR HAS COST SO FAR?!"
CIVILIZATION IS COLLAPSING ALL AROUND US. THE WAR IS BUT A SYMPTOM OF THAT.
"WOULD YOU, YOUNG MAN, ENTER A HOUSE, SLAUGHTER ALL WHO LIVE THERE, AND SEIZE THE HOUSE AS YOUR OWN?"
"OF COURSE NOT!"
"NO. YET, WHEN GOVERNMENTS INVADE [redacted] MURDER, MILLIONS OF MEN— WHO CLAIM TO BE MORAL— TAKE UP THE TASK WILLINGLY! WHY?"
"BUT, DOCTOR— IT'S NOT THE SAME THING."
"OH, YES, MY BOY. IT IS! ONLY THE NUMBER OF VICTIMS IS DIFFERENT!"


"PEOPLE LIKE TO LET THEIR GOVERNMENTS DO THEIR THINKING FOR THEM. IT'S EASIER. NO NEED TO MAKE MORAL CHOICES—ONLY TO OBEY.
"IMAGINE THIS WORLD IF NO MAN COULD HIDE BEHIND HIS NATION'S FLAG—IF EACH MAN WERE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR WHAT HE DID IN THE NAME OF 'PATRIOTISM'!
"THE HOPE FOR A HUMAN FUTURE LIES, NOT IN NATIONS, OR RELIGIONS, NOT EVEN IN THE STARS... BUT ONLY IN THE HUMAN HEART.
"IT WAS ON THIS VERY RIVER... THAT I DRIFTED ONCE INTO THOUGHT SO DEEP... I SANK INTO MY OWN MIND AND HEART ...AND THERE LEAPT TO MIND A PHRASE...
REVERENCE FOR LIFE
"EVERYTHING I AM, OR EVER SHALL BE, LEADS BACK TO THAT ONE PHRASE."
REVERENCE ...FOR ALL LIFE?

"YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, DON'T YOU? YOU WANT TO CONTINUE TO LIVE. SO DO ALL LIVING THINGS. LOOK AROUND YOU, SOLDIER. LIFE IS EVERYWHERE.
"IT CREEPS, IT FLIES, IT CRAWLS, IT BLEATS. IT BUILDS CATHEDRALS AND WRITES SYMPHONIES. MOST OF ALL, IT WILLS TO GO ON LIVING!"
THE THINKING MAN KNOWS THIS AND GIVES TO EVERY LIFE THE SAME REVERENCE HE GIVES HIS OWN
BUT— TO EAT I MUST HUNT. IF A LEOPARD ATTACKS, I MUST SHOOT. WHAT OF THAT?
AHHH... IF YOU WANT GUIDELINES, I CANNOT HELP. REVERENCE IS A STATE OF MIND, NOT A SET OF RULES. DO ALL THAT YOU DO WITH COMPLETE AWARENESS.
THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT MEN LIKE SCHWEITZER ARE "TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD."
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT MAKES ME THINK THEY'RE RIGHT!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT IS ALL THIS?
CAPTAIN ROSTAND, FRENCH ARMY. THERE IS A DR. SCHWEITZER ABOARD?
I AM ALBERT SCHWEITZER!
DR. SCHWEITZER, YOU WILL PLEASE STEP OFF THE BOAT. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!
WHA-AAAT?!

ORDERS, CAPTAIN. ALL GERMAN NATIONALS NOW ON FRENCH TERRITORY ARE TO BE DEPORTED TO EUROPE
WE HAVE BEEN HERE SINCE BEFORE THE WAR. WE HAVE CAUSED THE FRENCH NO TROUBLE.
THAT IS NOT MY CONCERN. I AM ORDERED TO TAKE YOU TO THE FRENCH GARRISON
ESCORT THEM TO THE BOAT!
...TICK INFESTED, MONKEY-BRAINED, MOTHERLESS ...★@+-!!
ALBERT IT SEEMS WE ARE NO LONGER WELCOME H.
MOVE ALONG NOW BOCHE...
WAK!
THAT MAN SAVED MY LIFE! YOUR MEN TOUCH HIM AGAIN, I'LL POUND YOU ALL INTO LIVER PASTE!
...LIEUTENANT STAND DOWN
APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN. BUT HE'S RIGHT. DR. SCHWEITZER IS DOING NOTHING BUT TREATING THE SICK.
HE IS GERMAN! NOW STAND ASIDE BEFORE I QUESTION WHERE YOUR LOYALTIES LIE
GET THEM ABOARD!
NOW WHAT?
LIVER PASTE!

STOP IT! STOP THIS! — RIGHT NOW!
K-CHUCK...
SERGEANT! IF THESE MEN INTERFERE AGAIN, SHOOT THEM FOR TREASON!
NOOOO!!! YOU IDIOTS!
WHAT ABOUT THEM, ROSTAND?! THE SICK... THE SUFFERING... WHAT ABOUT THEM?!
THEY'LL GO BACK TO DYING!


I APPEALED THIS SENSELESS, INHUMANE ACT AT PORT GENTIL — TO NO AVAIL... ALL GERMANS MUST BE DEPORTED, I WAS TOLD! SECURITY.
TO TOP THAT, WE LEARNED OUR PRECIOUS WEAPONS WERE NO LONGER NEEDED, TABORA, THE GERMAN STRONGHOLD, HAD ALREADY FALLEN.
AS FOR THE PRECIOUS WEAPONS WE HAD SACRIFICED SO MUCH TO OBTAIN...
AS FOR THE WEAPONS, CAPTAIN DEFENNE, YOU AND YOUR LIEUTENANT ARE TO ESCORT THEM BACK TO FRANCE ON THE FIRST AVAILABLE STEAMER.
THE EXPEDITION... ALL THOSE LIVES... A HUNDRED ASKARI, BARTHELEMY, BOUCHER, LAFLEUR... THE PAIN AND SUFFERING... ALL FOR NOTHING!!

I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF YOUR BOAT—THAT FLOATING ARSENAL. WE SUBVERTED ITS PROMISE OF DEATH, DIDN'T WE? —AND USED IT TO SAVE A LIFE!
AUF WIEDERSEHEN, SOLDIER. REMEMBER —A LITTLE SUBVERSION CAN BE A GOOD TH NG!
I WILL REMEMBER, EVERYTHING YOU HAVE TOLD ME, SIR!
EVERYTHING!
THE JUNGLE RECLAIMED HIS HOSPITAL. BUT AFTER THE WAR, SCHWEITZER RETURNED TO AFRICA AND STARTED ANEW. HE BUILT ANOTHER HOSPITAL, BIGGER, BETTER THAN THE LAST. HE NEVER STOPPED GATHERING PEBBLES.
REMY... YOU WERE SO RIGHT.
ABOUT WHAT...?
THE MONKEYS...
THEY ARE LAUGHING AT US!
THAT LITTLE GIRL IS COMING AROUND. NICE AND STABLE. SHE'S GOING TO MAKE IT!
EXCUSE ME, MR. JONES...?
SURE THING.
JUST KEEP YOUR FINGER IN THAT DIKE, Y'HEAR?
Sometimes our light goes out but is blown again into flame by an encounter with another human being. Each of us owes the deepest thanks to those who have rekindled this inner light.
— ALBERT SCHWEITZER

SCHWEITZER

BY KURT BUSIEK

When most people think of Albert Schweitzer, the image in their minds is largely what you've seen in this issue's story — the white-mustached German doctor devoting his life, with kindness and good humor, to serving the medical needs of the people of Africa. But as Schweitzer's wife points out to young Indy, there was far more to Schweitzer than that. He was a renowned musician and writer, a controversial religious philosopher — in fact, he didn't become a doctor of medicine until he was 38 years old! So let's see what made Schweitzer the way he was — and take a look at what he accomplished outside of this young Indy adventure.

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From an early age, Schweitzer got to know the effect war, violence and nationalism had on people. The province of Alsace, in which Schweitzer was born, is currently a part of France. But when he was born, in the town of Kaysersberg on January 14, 1875, it was a part of Germany. Three years before that, it had been French, but Germany had taken it away during the Franco-Prussian War. Germany and France had been squabbling over Alsace and its neighboring province, Lorraine, for years, and would continue to through World Wars I and II. So Schweitzer's people knew what it was like to be prizes of war, and had grown weary and philosophical, most of them feeling that it didn't matter who ruled them as long as there wasn't fighting going on in their streets. In Paris and Berlin, citizens of each rallied behind their anger at the other nation, but in Alsace, where French and German cultures met and mingled, they were tolerant. Even Catholics and Protestants, bitter enemies elsewhere, shared the same church in some of the smaller towns of the region.

It was in this atmosphere that Schweitzer, the son of a Lutheran pastor, grew up. Possibly because of this, he was a sensitive, compassionate child. Though his family was poor, he was troubled by the fact that many of his schoolmates were poorer still. He was a child, of course, and couldn't do anything about it, but he did his best to avoid making them feel worse by flaunting even his minor advantages. He wore no overcoat, and wore clogs instead of shoes, because that was the way the other boys dressed. In addition, Schweitzer came to sympathize with anyone who was poorly treated. His fellow schoolboys used to chase after and jeer at the only Jew in the area when he would come into the village on his cart. Schweitzer realized how hurtful they were being, and refused to join them any more, and would shake hands with the man and walk beside his cart when he came into town. Schweitzer's compassion extended to animals, as well — after he saw two men beating an aged, limping horse to make it stumble to the knacker's yard where they could get a few coins for it, he was haunted for weeks, and began asking God, in his prayers, to protect and bless all living creatures. He would not fish or hunt, and even recognized the capacity for violence in himself, realizing that while playing games, the heat of his desire to win drowned out his concern for others. So he gave up games as well.

In school, Schweitzer was a poor student at first, but developed such promise that his parents knew he needed more than their small village school could offer. So when he was ten, it was arranged for him to go stay with his Great-Uncle Louis and Great-Aunt Sophie, who ran the elementary school in the town of Mulhausen. There, Schweitzer began to blossom as a scholar and a musician, discovering a love of reading and learning that would stay with him for life. He also discovered, in the nearby town of Colmar, a statue that had a profound effect on him. Sculpted by Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, who had designed the Statue of Liberty, the work included a brooding, melancholy black man, whose weary face brought home to the young Schweitzer the emotional idea of African suffering and despair. Whenever he was in Colmar, Schweitzer would return to the statue to gaze at it once again.

Schweitzer had been playing the piano since the age of five, and had shown great talent at it, instinctively improvising his own harmonies. At the age of nine, he sat in for the organist at his father's church, and when he moved to Muthausen, his great-uncle arranged for him to study with the famed organist Eugen Munch. At first, Schweitzer was so shy that Munch thought him a talentless idiot, but in time he impressed Munch so much that he eventually took Munch's place as the church organist. Schweitzer was at his happiest when he lost himself in music.

At the same time, however, Schweitzer's deep commitment to religion and his talent as a scholar were coming to the fore. As a child, he was fascinated with the Bible — but he was troubled by questions, such as how Jesus, Mary and Joseph had remained poor if the Three Wise Men of the Orient had brought gold and other valuables to the baby Jesus. Despite his questions — or, to be accurate, because of them — he retained a fascination with the Bible and the church throughout his school years. And with this driving him, he excelled at school. His best subjects were history and science, and though he always struggled with mathematics and languages, he ended up passing his exams with such high marks that he won a place at the University of Strasbourg.

This left him with a decision to make — would he study music or religion? His love for both was deep, and at times he thought the only solution would be to combine them, and become the resident organist at a beautiful church. Ultimately, he decided that while music brought him great personal joy and had the power to uplift the spirits of others, the good he could do as a preacher outweighed that. He decided to pursue religion and philosophy. However, before he began his university studies, he spent some time in Paris, studying music. There, he met Charles-Marie Widor, a famous organist who agreed, after hearing Schweitzer play, to take him on as a student. Thereafter, Schweitzer returned to Paris often to work with Widor. So he ended up following both goals.

And he succeeded at both, too. He became a preacher, a doctor of philosophy and a university teacher, and wrote a book, Von Reimarus zu Wrede (The Quest for the Historical Jesus) that won him international repute as a theological scholar. But the book made some people angry, since it stemmed from Schweitzer's belief that the Bible was not literally true, and that reason, logic, and the study of history could allow us to correctly interpret the stories in the Bible rather than simply taking them at face value. As a musician, Schweitzer helped start the Paris Bach Society and became well-known as a sensitive interpreter of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. His work under Widor resulted in a book on Bach's life and art, J.S. Bach: Le Musician-Poete, and he and Widor embarked on an ambitious project, co-editing the complete organ works of Bach. Only five volumes were completed before Widor's death in 1937, but Schweitzer eventually saw the project through to completion with other partners.

But though he was winning fame and respect far beyond his dreams, Schweitzer wasn't satisfied. Fame wasn't important to him. He wanted to find a way to serve humanity — to share "the burden of pain that lies upon the world" and give back something to the world in return for the great gift of life. And in 1904, he found a way to do it.

An article in the journal of the Missionary Society of Paris caught his attention — it told of conditions in the African Congo, which at the time was a part of the French Empire, telling of the horrible diseases that plagued that native Africans and stressing the need for Christian missionaries to serve as doctors. Remembering the statue at Colmar, Schweitzer announced to his congregation that Christians had to atone for the wrongs done to black men and women by whites, resigned from his university posts and his pulpit, and enrolled as a medical student.

People thought he was crazy to turn his back on his brilliant careers and go to a dangerous part of the world that he'd never even seen, but Schweitzer felt that too many Christians talked about sacrifice and service without meaning it, and he wasn't going to be one of them. For seven years, he studied medicine, along the way marrying Helene Bresslau, the daughter of a university friend of his. Helene understood his commitment and trained as a nurse so

she could accompany him. When he was finally a doctor, Schweitzer wrote to the Missionary Society of Paris and offered his services — only to learn that they didn't want him! His book on the historical Jesus had offended them, and they wanted only missionaries who believed that every word of the Bible was true.

But Schweitzer wasn't about to be turned aside. He decided to raise enough money to build a hospital and run it for two years, and once he'd done so, he offered to work for the Missionary Society entirely at his own expense. They still didn't trust him, though, and it wasn't until he promised not to do any preaching while he was in Africa that they agreed to let him go.

Schweitzer and his wife arrived in Africa in April 1913, and discovered just how desperately doctors were needed. He reached Lambarene, an island in the Ogowe River, planning to build his hospital and get it fully equipped and ready before beginning to treat patients. But the morning after he arrived, there was a long line of patients waiting for him — and he had to set up a temporary clinic in an abandoned chicken coop in order to treat the sick and suffering while the hospital was being built.

Soon, simple hospital wards, built of corrugated iron, were constructed, and the Schweitzers' work began in earnest. Schweitzer ran the hospital out of his own income, supplemented by gifts of food from his grateful patients and donations from individuals and foundations around the world. To solve the problem of communicating with his patients, Schweitzer asked Joseph Avzawami, a French-speaking native and one of Schweitzer's first patients, to help out. Joseph (who you've seen in this issue's story) agreed, and would end up helping Schweitzer, with minor interruptions, for more than 50 years.

This first phase of Schweitzer's missionary work, however, only lasted a few years, thanks to World War I. When word of the hostilities reached Lambarene, on August 5, 1914, the Schweitzers were informed that as Germans on French soil, they were prisoners of war. They were placed under house arrest and forbidden to have any contact with Africans — which effectively closed down the hospital. After a few months, however, protests from tribal leaders and the obvious need for his services led the French authorities to allow Schweitzer to continue his work, which he did until November 1917, when — as you've seen — he and his wife were finally deported to France as prisoners of war.

But the return to Europe was hardly an improvement, even over the often-difficult conditions of the Congo. The care and facilities in France were so bad that both he and Helene became seriously ill. It would take years for him to recover — and Helene would never be well enough to accompany him on his travels. Worse, his mother died during the war, senselessly trampled to death by a troop of German cavalry unexpectedly rounding a corner in her hometown.

His wartime experience shattered Schweitzer's spirit, but it also gave birth to one of his greatest accomplishments. His observation of the way European culture had altered African culture — and the trauma when the European influence was suddenly yanked away due to the war — had focused his attention on the larger problems of the world. While he was in Africa, he had come to refine his youthful prayers to protect every living creature into a fully-articulated philosophy of Reverence for Life — an ethical argument that mankind's cultures were destructive because man applied one set of rules to himself and another to other living things. Man must recognize that all life is sacred, and that man is a part of the whole, not separate from it, Schweitzer believed. During the months he was interned in Lambarene, he wrote much of the first two volumes of his Kulturphilosophie (The Philosophy of Civilization), in which he set forth this new viewpoint.

After the war's end, Schweitzer struggled with illness and depression. With rest and medical care he regained his health, and through a teaching position at the University of Uppsala in Sweden, he began to heal his spirit, finding the energy once again for his work. He began to write again, to play music and to rebuild and restore organs. And in 1924, at his wife's urging, he returned to Africa.

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Schweitzer and his wife had a daughter in 1919, and considerations of her needs and Helene's illness made Schweitzer decide to give up his dreams of

working in Africa. But Helene knew how much it meant to him, and told him that his cause was too important to give up. So he returned, to find his hospital in ruins. He had to start over.

He rebuilt the hospital, only to find that it was now too small. It had always been crowded, but an outbreak of dysentery had tripled the number of patients. So he decided to rebuild once again — to build a new and larger hospital two miles up the river. And this time, he was determined to make the hospital independent — built, funded, and supported without the help of the Missionary Society of Paris, so they could no longer tell him what he could and couldn't say about his religion. The new hospital opened in 1927, and Schweitzer felt a great sense of accomplishment. "For the first time since I began to work in Africa," he said, "my patients were housed as human beings should be."

Schweitzer divided the rest of his life between working at the Lambarene hospital and traveling, raising money for his work by writing, lecturing, and giving organ recitals. Helene, with their daughter, Rhena, traveled throughout America on speaking tours, lecturing on her husband's work and raising money for him. When World War II came, his work was disrupted — but not so badly as in World War I. He realized that a war was coming and laid in all the medicines and other supplies he could afford. And this time, since Alsace was now a part of France, there was no trouble over him being a "hostile national."

Schweitzer had finally brought all the threads of his life together. His medical work allowed him to serve the world as he felt he needed to, his scholarly work helped to fund his hospital and to spread the ideas of service and reverence for life to corners of the globe he could not reach, and his music helped too, both as a way to raise always badly-needed money and a retreat from the stresses of his work into the joy of art and beauty. There were criticisms of Schweitzer over the years, of course — from white colonialists who felt Schweitzer undermined the power of the European authorities, from black liberationists who felt that Schweitzer did not embrace their cause, from Christians who thought him a heretic, and from those who thought his hospital too primitive or his practices too autocratic. His hospital was not a state-of-the-art medical center, it's true — it was built much like a native village, and indeed, the families of his patients and often their livestock would live on hospital grounds to be near their relatives — but what was important was that it was a hospital that the people would actually go to, a hospital that did not demand that they give up their own beliefs and embrace Western civilization in order to receive medical care.

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Schweitzer's determination to do his work and not be co-opted by any outside interests eventually triumphed. He was given the Nobel Peace Prize (the most prestigious of a set of world-famous awards given annually to those whose work has been of greatest benefit to mankind) in 1953 for his work in Africa. Characteristically, he did not take the opportunity to look back on what he'd done, but instead continued to look ahead to the future and what still remained to do. He used the prize money to build a village to care for and treat leprosy sufferers at Lambarene, and his speech on receiving the prize was a plea for world peace and an appeal to the nations of the world to shun nuclear weapons forever. And thereafter, Schweitzer added to his already staggering workload a crusade to abolish nuclear weapons in the name of global harmony.

Schweitzer died on September 4, 1965, at the age of 90, at the hospital he'd labored so long and hard to build and maintain at Lambarene. He was not the first doctor to go to Africa to serve those who needed his aid, nor was he the most skilled. But his lifelong dedication to service and to peace, and his ability to communicate his ideas to others, made him a source of encouragement to those who followed in his path and a beacon of hope to the entire world.

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WHAT'S NEXT? We begin a two-parter that'll see both the 8-year-old and the 16-year-old Indy in Vienna, learning about love and espionage and crossing paths with Sigmund Freud, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and the leaders of Austria, Germany, and France! See you then!